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THE NEW CANONS AT THE CATHEDRAL.

HOW are they going on at the Cathedral now, I wonder? enquired lately the deity who presides over our shirt buttons. We didn't exactly know, for we had been present, as we reminded her, for some time past pretty regularly in the family pew at St. Anthony's, where they look upon the Cathedral in much the same light as people in general regard stinging nettles or black beetles—things of which they cannot quite see the use, but which are permitted by a high Providence to exist for some purpose, useful perhaps, but certainly unknown. We resolved, therefore, to make, and, in fact, made a pilgrimage to the Cathedral, on the next available Sunday morning. Several new men we found had come upon the clerical staff since we last visited the place, and as we could not see all of them in their several functions at once, we went several times, and so regularly that we came near to be looked on approvingly by a verger, who received our advances with condescension, and yet with becoming dignity, one week-day morning, when we called to have a quiet look round after Morning Prayer. For the Cathedral clergy are actually so frightfully behind the age as to think that "daily" means every day, and that the direction to say "daily" the Morning and Evening Prayer means to have service every day, morning and afternoon. Of course we have improved on such an old-fashioned notion as that at St. Anthony's. There it means Sundays and every Wednesday evening, except Whitsuntide, or when the rector is from home, or the curate is gone for his holiday, or the church is being cleaned, or the warming apparatus is being put up against winter, or is being removed for repairs during summer, and several other occasions. The curate is allowed to practise extempore preaching on these Wednesdays, and we can give you a seat in our pew any time, for we have always plenty of room there—on a Wednesday. By the way, our rector is away just now—gone to Devonshire or Sussex, or some of those places in the South, for he comes "from the South," like most of the Manchester clergy, except those who come from Ireland, or that are "Cornwall, shure."

Really, what a distance we have got from Manchester and the Cathedral that it seems customary to dismiss with a faint sneer. "*Wat* you waiting to see Mr. Elvy, sir?" Elvysir, Elzevir! We were swiftly wandering off in thought to the old printers, when the question, repeated, called us back. "Thank you, no; not now at least." We had mentioned that name in the course of our short conversation with the official, and it seemed the only tangible sort of thing left to continue the talk with, and as this resource failed, and he didn't see his way to a fee or gratuity of any kind, he fished out a *Courier* from under a sidesman's stall, and was soon deep in the columns of that slightly dull but highly respectable and very clerical journal.

The new members of the staff to whom we have referred are three in number—a canon, Canon Woodard, and two minor canons, Mr. Smith and Mr. Elvy. The clerical order of precedence is an inverted one, on the "first shall be last" principle, a sort of ecclesiastical left-in-front, as Captain Hearthstone would call it, but we will take them in the order in which they come and go, and begin with Mr. Elvy. The Rev. John Miller Elvy is the senior in age and standing, but the junior minor canon. He hails from the hop gardens of Kent; was educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and is M.A. of that University. He was ordained deacon in 1857, and priest in 1858, and passed the first four years of his clerical life as curate of St. Mary's, Platt, near Sevenoaks. It is possible, however, for a man to have even enough of hops and Kentish fire, so Mr. Elvy migrated to St. Andrew's, Travis Street, where he was curate to Canon Richson for some two years or more; he lived in Ancoats, did pastoral work among the Ancoatians, and took his full share of work as a member of the District Relief Committee during the Cotton Famine. All this is a sort of thing that is seldom done long together with impunity, even in the salubrious atmosphere of Ancoats; and Mr. Elvy acquired some acquaintance of a personal nature with "febrile symptoms" of a typhoid or gastric kind, which his healthy, country-bred nature enabled him to throw off without their leaving any permanent ill effects. Not having had enough of "slums," apparently, at the end of his two years' residence in Ancoats, Mr. Elvy next became, under the title of chaplain to the Dean, the curate of the Cathedral district, and took up his abode in the angle subtended by Shudehill and Miller's Lane, where there is about as much poverty and wretchedness gathered together as anywhere in this city of Manchester and nineteenth century. In the centre of this enemy's country a small hill-fort was erected; a house in Mayes Street, near Hanover Street, was taken, on the ground-floor of which lived a housekeeper and a visiting woman—call her a Bible-woman, or a district nurse, or a deaconess, anything, in short, but a Sister of Charity—we all know what that means. The next floor was used as a sort of chapel-cum-schoolroom, where occasional short services with instruction were given, and if living in a garret makes a parson a high churchman, then such was Mr. Elvy, for a room on the top floor was his drawing-room, dining-room, and library, and the adjoining one his "lodging-room," as they say in Yorkshire. But there was always this one notable fact about Mr. Elvy, that he always emerged from the slummiest quarters as fresh as paint—neat and trim in attire, with the whitest of neck-gear. Rosy, but not rubicund of complexion, his bright smile and cheerful manner made you think the church-house in Mayes Street might be a rural vicarage, Hanover Street a country lane, and Shudehill some breezy moorland track. Here Mr. Elvy lived and worked, lonely, but not forlorn, for seven years, until he was elected by the Chapter to the office of chaplain or minor canon.

Sometime about, or before last Christmas, there died the Rev. F. C. Haden, who was precentor of Westminster Abbey, and rector of a small living in Essex. Whereupon Mr. Westmore, the senior minor canon here, was offered the Essex rectory, which he accepted, and Mr. Troutbeck, the junior minor canon and precentor here, entered a competitive examination for the Westminster precentorship, and was chosen. So here were two minor canonries to be filled up. Mr. Elvy had evidently claims to one that could not honestly be disregarded; but he had been brought up more as a divine than a mere clerical singing-man. So the Chapter advertised for one of the latter breed, and out of over a hundred candidates a few were chosen to do their best with the Litany on a Wednesday or Friday, of whom one, "a party by the name of Smith," was ultimately chosen. But he is not merely a Smith; he is Mr. Clementi Smith; furthermore, he is Mr. Herbert Clementi Smith, grandson, or such, of Clementi, the ancient pianoforte maker of Soho Square. Mr. Smith having devoted much attention to Church music, and possessing a good voice and excellent testimonials, was elected precentor; and it was thought desirable that, being precentor, he should be senior minor canon. So he was appointed first, and then Mr. Elvy; but what there is in it but a question of precedence, or some trumpery matter of the kind, we don't know. Perhaps the Scribes and Pharisees were content that some other people should enter into Heaven before them, as long as they had the proper ecclesiastical position. The Rev. H. C. Smith is also a Cambridge man, a Johnian this time, who emerged second class in the classical tripos. He was afterwards an assistant master and chaplain at Shrewsbury school from 1859 to 1862, having been ordained in the former year by the Bishop of Lichfield. He was successively curate of Rupham, Norfolk; Battle, Sussex; and Grantham, Lincolnshire; so that Manchester is the fifth diocese that has had the benefit of his labours, and judging the future by the past, he will be looking out for an increased sphere of usefulness in another diocese about July, 1872. Mr. Clementi Smith is a tall, young-looking man, of about 35 years of age as we should judge. We have not heard him preach, but he sings the service in good average style. It is not to be compared to Mr. Trontbeck's way of doing it, but it is a good though not a high average. We have heard much worse, frequently. Mr. Elvy has only of late began to intone the service, but he does it very fairly indeed, notwithstanding some natural difficulties which he has had to contend with.

His preaching is of a much higher order. His sermons are of a moderate high-church character, explanatory of such Scriptural difficulties as may affect the subject on which he treats; philosophic, but uncompromising withal in doctrine, and indicative of considerable reading in the Christian writers of past ages, as well as of an acquaintance with the tone of religious thought of the present day.

When we were at the Cathedral lately it appeared as if the new canon were in danger of getting on too fast, so he was placed last in the procession of choristers and clergy, and separated from them by an ancient verger with a silver-headed club, who walked at a slow pace before him and compelled him similarly *festinare lente*. And when conducted to the pulpit he was preceded by an usher of the black rod as well as by silver-stick-in-waiting. Nathanial Woodard, M.A., of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, was ordained, we don't know when, but some time since. He is a tall, good-looking man, with grey hair and sparse whiskers. The great feature for expression in the face is the mouth, and here this is the leading feature. Sternness and sweetness, resentment, ridicule, and humour, all play by turns over it, and succeed one another with the swiftness of the ocean waves, while the abiding character of it is that of a good-humoured firmness and a readiness to see the pleasantest side of everything. We should never dream of the native hue of his resolution being "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Canon Woodard preached when we heard him on behalf of the Society for providing additional curates in populous places—a temporary hand-to-mouth sort of provision for supplying the deficiencies of episcopal inaction. It is not fair to judge of his powers as a preacher from one sermon, and that a charity sermon, but we should guess that preaching is not, as Artemus Ward would say, his fort. The sermon was read, perhaps we might say carelessly read, without any action whatever, and the principal thing to notice about it was that it lasted more than half an hour, which is unusual in our experience of the Cathedral. Canon Woodard is best known as the promoter and founder of a new system of middle-class schools. He is provost of the first established by him, St. Nicholas College, Lancing, near Shoreham, and governor or visitor or præsidium of some kind of a similar establishment at Hurstpierpoint, in the same neighbourhood. He is also engaged or interested in founding another, the buildings of which are now in course of erection at Denstone, in Staffordshire, under the auspices of Sir Percival Heywood of that ilk. One thing enables him to carry out his plans with unfaltering hand. He is his own president, committee men, and trustees, all in his own person, so that when anything is resolved upon and the money procured, it is carried out, nem-con., without any squabbling at the board, or auditors' objections, or anything of the sort, for the simple reason that there are none!

After all, the Cathedral isn't such a bad sort of place to go to church to, if you will only keep on the ground floor and avoid the swells on the right. There is no better place than either side of the middle aisle, and you will get a good seat if you will go early, and consent to wait less than half the time you must do to get a seat in the gallery at Halle's concerts.

WAR MAPS.—Our table is piled with them. In the course of our consultations we have found the greatest help from Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's large and carefully-coloured sheet. It is extremely clear, contains the name of almost every town that has been the scene of an engagement or of capture, has a plan also of the environs of Metz, and a chart of the Baltic. A smaller sheet, called for distinction "the military map," is equally deserving of commendation. For a cheap, popular map, we recommend the pleasantly-tinted production compiled by Mr. George Falkner and published by Mr. John Heywood. Though small in dimensions, the movements of the armies can be followed with ease and exactness. Of the various panoramas or bird's-eye views, the palm of excellence must be awarded to the picturesque view issued by Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald, and Macgregor. It is drawn by Mr. Maclure, from personal studies and sketches made on the continent before the war, and gives the physical aspect of the country—so important to a clear comprehension of military movements—with surprising accuracy.

Bismark, asked recently what would be the cost of the war to France, is reported to have replied, "Simply one Napoleon."

AFTER A NIGHT OF IT.

AIR.—Bow, wow, wow!

ARGUMENT.—Verbosides—unwontedly moved—is betrayed into a fit of temporary hospitality. Recovering quickly, he rendereth a coroner's inquest supererogatory, and seizeth on the opportunity caused by his paroxysm of liberality, artfully to discourse on the disadvantages of a prolonged symposium. Verbosides, thus:—

HO! Charles the first—of waiters—fill to each man his "vanity,"
For not to drink, when Edwin sings, were absolute insanity;
A ditty so melodious might induce with the delight of it,
The veriest thrall among us all to stay and make a night of it.

Now, now, now,
Join with me in chorus all,
And make a jolly row.

And yet, perchance—the music stilled—'twere best to think of trudging it;
The coward is not always he who first resolves on budging it.
Discretion—Valour's better part—in bosoms brave a lodge may find;
And oft will answer when we vain the latest, cutest dodge may find.

Cho—rus, now:
Rather moderato, please;
Not too big a row.

Our host, moreover, rules the roast, and may restrict our rumpasses;
Mistrustful of that influence which babes and—*us* encompasses:
Despotic is he, in his sphere, e'en as the *first* Napoleon;
And sooth to say, the hour I ween, is somewhat an unholy 'un.

So, if you'll a'low,
We'll chorus pianissimo
With very little row.

Besides, the waiter yawneth, and to view that rare phenomenon
Unmoved, would show a state of mind in us I hope no common 'un;
Then let us go—*we've got to face* those stern domestic Nemeses
Who, hours ago, have reckoned us *to be drunk on the premiss.*

Now, now, now,
Chorus as before, as if
You'd scorn to make a row.

A little latch-key—learning like—is oft a dangerous article,
A perquisite whose handiness condones its guilt no particle;
And should you fail to fit your Chubbs, through any sort of swervousness,
The Nemesis aforesaid scarce will set it down to nervousness.

Cho-rus now,
With gentle resignation, please
Don't kick up a row.

To be knocked up a trifle is we deem not worth dissembling at;
But—*knock your wives up!* That's a game to set the boldest trembling at;
And—safe inside—the man who hath been going it nocturnally
Will find, as sure as quarter-day, the stairs creak most infernally.

So I'll now
Trust to your discretion
To moderate your row.

Besides, as Benedicks well know, marital slumber feline is,
And ticklest when—to seek repose—comes he whose course no beeline is;
Whose mind is overcharged with vain and agonized conjecturing
About the strength of dose he knows he'll get of curtain lecturing.

How—how—now?
I scarcely need request you won't
Make too big a row.

Then must his pleasure's penalty a stiff price seem to pay for it,
Or, if it doesn't, *he's a trump*—that's all I've got to say for it;
Yet, after all, domestic bliss, the truest of all blisses is,
So let us drink respectfully to our respective "missises,"

And we'll now,
In honour of the sentiment,
Just wind up with a row.

A QUIET AFTERNOON AT BELLE VUE.

WE have always had a strong wish to see everything that it is possible to see; and not only that, but to see round the corner of them—at the back-of-behind of things, so to speak. We can't say that we ever found much; but, after all, there is some gratification in finding out that there isn't anything to find out. It's all very well for Paterfamilias and his deputies, parson and pedagogue, to tell us that the simplest and purest pleasures are the most delightful. No doubt they are; but we wanted to find out that for ourselves. True, we *have* found it to be as said; but we should never have been actually convinced except we had convinced ourselves. "Behind the scenes" seems suggestive of frantic enjoyment; but a leading actress won't talk to you if you get there, and a second or third-rate one can't. There is no more enjoyment in sharing a pot of beer with a clown than with a policeman; while the columbine or the coryphée sheds her sweetest (professional) smiles on him who is probably good for a score of tickets and a private-box for himself at her benefit. The whole thing is as unromantic as the inside of a newspaper-office or a grocer's shop. A stage by daylight is simply an indescribable mixture of dirt, confusion, and desolation. It may be just possible that the more you are interested, pleased, amused, agreeably occupied, in fact, with any thing or place that sets itself to amuse you, the more you are disenchanted when you come across it at other times; and, conversely, places you are least amused with while you are perhaps expected to be pleased, may afford you enjoyment when you take them at your own time, and visit them in their undress.

We have occasionally endeavoured, but without much success, to get some amusement out of a gala day at Belle Vue, and have several times spent warm afternoons and long light evenings there in search of it, always expecting some fun to turn up, but it didn't. Didn't for us at least, though there were thousands there who seemed as if they had at last attained the best of all that life could give, and now paced Elysian fields in satisfaction, security, and peace. We feared at times that we were not made for enjoyment; that we had been born without a capacity for being pleased; that we had, without being aware of it, some horrible deficiency, some lost or undeveloped sense, which made us wander alone, solitary in a crowd, or as a foreigner ignorant of their language; so that it was a relief when nightfall came, and the cannon's opening roar summoned all revellers to see the investment and fall of St. Jean D'Acre, Badajoz, or this present doomed City of Quebec.

In this tone of mind it occurred to us often—how would Belle Vue look by daylight, on an off-day, when there were to be no fireworks, no gala, no cheap trips, no nothing, in fact—simply Belle Vue and the Gardens thereof? Pic-nics of various kinds we have been in at: Whit-Saturday Sunday School visits to Beeston, in company with excited curates and dangerous soft-cheeked teacheresses, where, under the shade of some cottage or farm-house, tea and currant-bread appeared on the board all day, cloying, certainly, but not satisfiying; veal pie and sandwich affairs, with something in a bottle, which was never spoilt by keeping, under the spreading sycamores of Dunham; rich cates and jaunts fine, even, under the patulous face, jealously guarded, of Alderley. But we had never taken our "materials" to Belle Vue, and engaged hot water, unlimited, at twopence a-head. On one particular afternoon then, of late, not being a Monday, Wednesday, or Saturday, we dispatched our youngest chick in the perambulator, under the charge of Marcella, our Hibernian maid, with our eldest hope and Milly, with directions to wait at the corner of the Lane for the 'bus, which was to bring weightier freight. "Where the bus stops, there lurk I," carolled Milly, as they rushed off, in scarcely contained glee.

Kirkmanshulme Lane we found, dusty, but quiet—quiet as Cannon Street of a Sunday—and we were soon on the green sward of the Gardens. One or two people were entering along with ourselves, and about as many were leaving; but inside, we seemed to have it all to ourselves. What springy turf! The children jumped about and danced on it with glee; and, slipping down, sprang up again as if, Antæus-like, they derived fresh vigour from each contact with their Mother Earth! Surely in no princely gardens are the flower-beds so well tended, or better filled, and with more taste. A glowing mass of scarlet is confronted by another of purple; blue, of a depth so profound that the eye refuses to fathom it; and on the other side, a parterre of golden sheeny yellow strives with the scarlet to divide the honours of brilliancy. A scream of delight calls us to the palings at the side. A bison, huge of shoulder and mane, in a little enclosure like a pinfold, looking—as if accustomed to be admired—out of a small brilliant eye; a sort of neck-or-nothing animal, the very cod's head and shoulders of oxen. Then more beds of gaudy hues and more Green Bushes than were ever seen at the Adelphi. But what is that unshapely or shapeless mass of some animal kind, like a cow with a sea-serpent where its head should be? On a nearer view it proves to be a camel. It is lying on the ground, with legs doubled up by many a joint under its bunchy barrel of a body. Its head is reposing on its chin, as we should say, on the ground, two yards or more in front of it, and a long serpentine neck connects it—can scarcely be said to join it—to the body. It doesn't rise at our approach, the palings prevent any nearer acquaintance, but a morsel of bread thrown to it induces it to lift up its head and to deposit its lips over it, after which, by some air-sucking process, it is taken up, and its raised head goes about in an uncertain manner, as if to say, "I'd rather be quiet, but if you have anything to give me I don't want to be rude and refuse; only let's have it at once and pass on, for there's plenty more to see." We hear great stress made upon the excellence of the "perceptive" faculties. Now, these Belle Vue animals are distinguished by their "receptive" qualities. They are nearly all of them willing that you should "stand" something. They do not in this respect differ much from many worthy fellows that we know of. But you must discriminate. It wouldn't be of much use to give a bone to a bison, or tarts to a tiger. Whether bears live exclusively on buns we don't know, but rather think they do. How they manage it in their wild state is certainly rather puzzling, with no Foster and Duncans for their foster-fathers. They have been known in a dearth of buns to eat bread, in fact, they are generally "loafing" about until they go to pot (2s. each), and as "grease, but living grease no more," help to adorn the polls of others.

Next, a long line of low-roofed sheds, in compartments, railing-windowed, shows us melancholy-looking birds, vultures with horrid-looking, skinny, featherless necks, grieving, no doubt, at their enforced absence from "the frontier;" or eagles, each with a compartment to itself, perched on a stone, as if on the pinnacle of some rocky steep, with its back to you, but its head turned, and glaring at you in avowed but helpless enmity. Further up, two or three large birds appear, discontented also with their situation, wearing an "I can't get out" expression. We have been assured by turns that they are ostriches, emus, and cassowaries, but whatever they are called, they are "uncommon big, for sure," as we heard remarked of them. A few of these compartments communicating with each other, contain a vast variety of birds—shell parrots, love birds, sparrows, partridges, linnets, canaries, golden pheasants, and "o mak's o' brids" nearly. Opposite this range is the maze; it was not open, and as we could not wander therein we wondered thereat. A young man came up who seemed to be intending to be bemused with beer, and had partly accomplished his intention. In reply to his enquiries, we confided to him several important particulars touching the matter and the manner how, and generally gave this labyrinth as much a Cretan character as possible, by wandering considerably from the truth. It seemed to this young man very instructive, and he thanked us heartily and went his way.

Now we emerge "by the margin of fair Zurich's waters"—but no—this is a quiet afternoon; so we cross the platform, reckoning up how many twopences will be required to get us into hot water. But what? Out of regard for the Corporation supply, or something or other, the hot-water tap is cut off—some envious Lillyvick, no doubt; so our little screw-papers of best family Souchong are retained in our pockets, our bread will go home again, and the butter and milk that we thought of buying will remain unsold. Something, however, must be done, and finding that, like Mr. Dick Swiveller, "we are in the immediate vicinity of some very mild porter," we imbue our lips therein, to assist sundry cold "beefs and hams," while buns and pop content the juveniles, who seems to think that the foundations of society are being suddenly overthrown, and that life hitherto has been only an unpleasant dream, but that the time dreamed of has at last now come indeed.

Coming out again into the open, where half-a-dozen couples had been dancing quietly to the music of the band, we perceive certain odours, not nine-and-thirty, or whatever the number was that Coleridge found in

Cologne, but several, which finally resolve themselves into three, a smell of drains, a smell of gas, and a smell of lions. That noble animal, the horse, hath certain savours which, though not unbefitting the stable, must ever render him too—well—too aromatic for the dinner table or the sideboard; but we would undertake, not to beard a lion in his den exactly, but certainly to smell him there half a mile off, especially in the summer. However, without bearding him, we go and visit his cage. This specimen has about the handsomest head and mane we ever saw on a lion, but, like many handsome men, he has nothing behind it. He has a weak spine, and has a certain malformation or deformity in his fore legs, and he walks like a waiter troubled with chilblains and *tibia londinensis*. The lioness is a young and healthy animal—a magnificent beast indeed—and they have two cubs, one strong and healthy like the dam, but an ill-tempered young savage; the other so weak in the hind legs as to appear partially paralysed. In the adjoining room a quantity of cockatoos are making day hideous, all of them chattering and shrieking, and sometimes agreeing to make a universal "skrike" which makes one's marrow tremble.

Long ere we had finished our tour round the grounds the twilight was upon us. The music played at intervals, and there were always half-a-dozen couples or so ready to dance. Two or three velocipedes flitted about in the open space behind the orchestra, but for the rest, the company, like ourselves, seemed to prefer a stroll among the flower-gardens, or to watch the animals and birds. The gardens between the old and the new lakes are in capital order, and in full bloom just now, and are worth a visit by themselves if there were no other attractions, and the greenhouses look green and full inside. There was really so much to see that we feared to visit every place, for we had the journey home before us, and ere this was half accomplished one tired little explorer was so fast asleep in the perambulator that she was lifted out unconsciously, to continue under the household roof her

—infant slumbers, pure and light!

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

SINCE the war we've known no rest,
And our tongue has been distress'd,
For we know not how to call
These new proper names at all;
We have keenly felt this drawback
Since the fight began at Forbach.

Shall we say, time presses, allons,
Let us hurry off to Chalons?
Or, be quick and come along
To the army at Chalons?
Surely there must be some way
That is right, the word to say,

Then again, would General Trochu
For c. h. soft, much reproach you?
Or would straightway try and choke you
If you called him General Trochu?
Who that drinks champagne or hock, who
Rightly can pronounce this Trochu?

We hear the Emperor's gone to Rheims,
Well, but does this rhyme with dreams?
Or, as Pat would say, with "dhrames?"
Or, if this way some one blames,
Shall we, for the sake of rhymes,
Englishify it into Rheims?

Who can tell the deeds that were done
Before the French retreat to Verdun?
Or if the Frenchmen fast did run
When Uhlans fierce beset Verdun?
But first we must pronounce the word
Before we can say what occurr'd.

What troubles underwent MacMah'n,
From Woerth till he crossed the Marne
No tongue can tell, for storms of rain
Half-drowned the army of MacMa'n;
But my mind's chiefly on the rack
To know what follows after Mac.!

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE ATHLETIC HUMBUG.

AT the Blackpool festival last Monday, a cup was offered for the neatest costume. We merely mention this to show the ebb to which the pot-presenting, medal-winning madness has brought "manly exercise." A pursuit which, we were told, was to encourage health, and strength, and manliness in general—particularly manliness—oh, manliness was laid great stress upon—has culminated in a piece of millinery mummery. It has been coming to this for some time. It has come to this at last. What next? A medal for the neatest whisker, or the most expressive eyes? We would suggest one for the biggest ass.

MASTER AND SERVANT.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company was, at the late assizes, mulcted in £3000, by way of damages—which means about the same sum, in addition, for costs. During the past half-year the payments by the same company for "com, ensation" amounted to more than £20,000. There are many people to whom this information will come with a keen relish. To us, it seems one more of those examples which are constantly exhibiting the huge injustice of making masters liable for the negligence of their servants. In the case of private individuals, although the hardship is the same, it is not so apparent. But where many servants are employed, the injury assumes immense proportions. When a man is injured by the negligence of a servant, the misfortune that the servant is too poor to be worth proceeding against is one which falls in common fairness on the man himself; and it is he, and not the servants' master, who should bear it. There would not be one tittle more injustice in hanging a master for a murder committed by his servant than there is in making him pecuniarily responsible for that servant's misconduct.

A BARGAIN IN PIANOS.

For a month or six weeks the following advertisement has appeared in the second column of the three Manchester daily papers:

A Lady leaving Manchester wishes to dipose of her Piano, a beautiful rich-toned 7-octave semi-cottage, in fine Italian walnut, repetition touch, registered keyboard by Collard, very little used: 27 guineas will be taken, worth 60.—Apply to Mrs. H, Some Terrace, Higher Broughton.

In the December of last year we copied from the dailies a similar advertisement, and stated that in the course of a single week "the lady leaving Manchester" had managed to sell as many as eleven pianos, all identical in make and value. The "lady" was in fact a London firm of pianoforte makers, who had adopted this ingenious method of getting rid of its wares. A representative of the *Sphinx* visited the place of sale—then in Greenheys—and found that the piano offered for twenty-seven guineas, and alleged to be worth sixty, was enclosed indeed in a sixty-guinea case, but that the value of the inside was not more than £18, and the instrument was such an one as is ordinarily sold by music-dealers for £24 or £25. We have not deemed it worth while to send to Higher Broughton during the last six weeks, and cannot, therefore, affirm that the circumstances are precisely the same as in December last; but the phrasing of the advertisement now is identical with what it was then, and, recalling our previous experience, we commend it to all whom it may concern.

MR. TAYLOR AND THE NEW PLAY AT THE PRINCE'S.

The comedy which Mr. Tom Taylor has called by the concise and taking title of *Handsome Is that Handsome Does;* or, *The Reading Party: A Story of the Lake District*, is one which does not improve upon acquaintance. Considering that it was written specially for Mr. Compton, there is considerable ingenuity in the manner in which all that sterling actor's strong points are omitted, and his weak ones brought out. There appears to be a mania for deserting lines in which performers are unique and excellent, and putting them in those in which they take a mediocre position amongst a crowd. Thus, Mr. Compton has a genius for a peculiar character of drollery which nobody can match, so Mr. Taylor goes and puts him in a part in which he has to utter meant-to-be pathetic commonplaces, in precisely the same way in which meant-to-be pathetic commonplaces are uttered by at least a

hundred other treaders of the boards. Mr. Compton cannot be expected to live more than the ordinary span of human life, and it is irritating to see his wonderful face and voice thus wasted. For the next four months, at least, he might as well be in Kamschatka, for all the benefit this country will get out of him: for nobody sees him who merely sees his Joshua Gawthwaite. There are other qualities about this play which are exasperating. It is one of those abominable works which inculcate the marrying of a man of fifty by a girl of fifteen. Such a union is unnatural in fact, and offensive to contemplate. It is curious to note what a warm reception this indifferent hash-up of old mediocrities, with its worn-out incidents, its threadbare situations, and its anti-climax at the end, has had accorded to it by the local press. The dialogue is generally bright, and that is all. There is no plot in it. There is no character. And the best joke in the piece is an unconscious one. Poor Mr. Compton, in his character of Joshua, is about to throw a rival into an abyss, but he relents, and tells the rival that he (Joshua) has saved his life. Imagine stopping in the act of cutting a man's throat, and claiming, in respect of the saved life, the medal of the Royal Humane Society! But most of all, imagine Mr. Compton throwing people over precipices. Oh! Mr. Taylor!

ANOTHER CASE OF WAR-MAP MANIA.

We regret to observe that the *Examiner and Times*, on Tuesday, fell a victim to this epidemic. We have hitherto kept pretty clear of it in Manchester. But now that every other paper is recovering, the poor *Examiner* has had quite a severe attack. We hope it will prove only temporary. It is very hard, and makes one look a little foolish, to thus have it so much after time. It painfully reminds one of the ecstacies of laughter into which those people fall who see a joke upon a week or or two's reflection.

WE SAID SO!

Azamat-Batuk has been arrested. Pity he has not been shot. We were certain his smug presence in the field of war would prove insufferable. It is cheerful to reflect on his mishap. But the feelings of pleasure natural to the occasion are considerably quenched by the knowledge that he is upon his way to England, and is actually going to deliver a lecture on the war. Back again so soon! The French, it seems, won't have him now they've got him, but insist upon his immediate departure from their country. The French, as a nation, were always remarkable for taste. As we are bound to have Azamat back in London, we can only hope that his experiences will moderate his self-esteem. They ought to do. He is sent by the *Pall Mall* to France, and he is no sooner got rid of than the French export him back again to where he came from. Like a bad shilling, nobody will have him. His adventures irresistibly move one to parody about the only good bit in the play called *Philomel*. He pokes his imitation Turkish nose into the French lines. "Who the *diable* are you?" exclaims the officer on guard. "I?" cries the swelling *Pall Mall* correspondent, thinking to annihilate him with the information, "Azamut-Batuk!" "Then, heggsit Hazamut-Batuk!"

THE NEWSPAPERS AND THE WAR.

Bar-parlour politicians and amateur strategists are having a good time of it just now, but we don't see that anybody else is particularly comfortable or easy under the existing *regime* of piece-meal intelligence and bewildering leaders. The dearth of trustworthy news is really painful. The chiefs of the contending armies have succeeded beyond anticipation in circumventing the public press, and for once the ubiquitous special correspondent has been ignominiously baffled and silenced. The French writers, including that melo-dramatic scribe, M. Edmund About, appear to have all returned to Paris; Dr. Russell, who accompanies the German head-quarters, makes no sign; the representatives of the illustrated papers are dodging about the old battle-fields, and sending only retrospective sketches; the *Standard's* special has been fretting in Berlin for a fortnight, vainly endeavouring to get permission to go to the front; and a host of correspondents are uselessly employed in sending worthless rumours and disjointed scraps of information from Luxembourg, Sarreguemines, and other places already far removed from the scene of the real struggle. Of the tremendous conflicts, renewed day after day, along the banks of the Moselle and around Metz, we practically know nothing; and all the speculations of able editors, ingenious as they are, only serve to bewilder the judgment with a weight of words. The gentleman sent from Manchester by the *Guardian*—an able writer, whose previous experience of war was gained as a Garibaldian volunteer in Italy, and who still retains the daring characteristics of an adventurous knight-errant—has had the good fortune to be in Metz during the past fortnight. But for any information about the fighting that he has been able to communicate he might as well have been a hundred leagues away. It is something, in the midst of such untoward circumstances, to have got an account of a single battle—an isolated fragment of a great series—and this was secured by the *Daily News*, from a correspondent who was present at Gravelotte on Thursday, the 18th inst. But a solitary instance of success only serves to make the surrounding dearth more distressingly conspicuous. In no recent campaign—neither the Crimean, the Italian, the American, nor the Austro-Prussian—have the English newspapers been reduced to straits so dire as in this latest war, waged close to our own shores.

SOUTHPORT IN THE SEASON.

WE have previously described Southport in the autum and Southport in winter, but to do full justice to the subject, it remains for us to speak of the aspect of the so-called Lancashire Montpellier during the full glories of the season. Of course, the people who make the "Season," make it principally on the Promenade and the Pier, and it is here only that the Season is to be seen. Well, after carefully observing during most part of a fortnight, and carefully thinking the matter over during another succeeding week, we are sorrowfully compelled to say it is "not up to much," if this phrase be admissible, which we heard from the lips of a disappointed excursionist of the respectable mechanic class, who was wearily dragging his weary wife, hot and dusty, towards the Station, at the end of one of the late tropical days.

The visitors—the crême—do not appear to be of the most select class, if we judge merely by the dressing displayed either morning or evening. A carelessness, or a tastelessness, or an incongruity in effect produced by the various parts of one whole, or a dowdyness, or an inharmoniousness of colour; all of these faults, either separately or conjointly, were rampant in the dressing seen during our stay. In fact, we did not observe one really beautiful costume. The truth is, costumes here are not in vogue, or are failures. Most of the dresses to be seen are merely "in the fashion," and although each separate part may be fashionable, the whole has an incongruous look if the lady's dress and pannier are, say, white trimmed with black, her fichu white trimmed with green, and her bonnet grey trimmed with blue. In such a case—and, alas! such cases are numerous on the Southport Promenade—although each component of the costume may be beautiful in itself, the final result is not a joy for ever. Add to these short comings of the Upper Ten, who do pretend to be somebody, the miscellaneous crowd of homely people, who don't pretend to be anybody, the old, the lame, the barely convalescent, the children only just out of the measles, or only just into the whooping-cough, who are always here mixed up together, both on the Promenade and the Pier—we see at once why Southport in the Season, does not, and cannot, shine in splendour. We dont mean to say that these people should not go to Southport, nor that those should ruin their papas or hubbys in rivalling each other in splendid dresses. If we have any complaint at all, it is that the Southport people, the natives and settlers, and those in authority, will tell us, in season and out of season, that Southport is such a splendid place, and has such a superior class of visitors. Our business, however, is not to make complaints, but to show what we see—to tell a plain unbiassed tale.

In spite, however, of the wonderful unanimity of the praise we hear, in Southport, of Southport, ominous sounds are at present hovering in the air. What is the meaning of this talk, which of late has become so frequent in the town, of its "decadence?" Leaders in the local papers, letters in the columns of "correspondence," chairmen of local joint-stock limited companies, interested in the length of the visitors' lists, seem to be now all fiddling on one string, strenuously denying that Southport is decaying; like a lot of lads in a dark churchyard trying to make one another believe they are not afraid. Why deny the decadence

of Southport? Who said it was decaying? This looks very much as if the denyers feared it was going back, or that at least their hopes were not fully realized. Most likely the latter is about the truth. As for Southport decaying, we can set the minds of our doubtful friends at rest. It cannot yet decay, because *it has no past glory to decay from.* It has all the glories it ever had, or ever will have. Nature and its founders never meant Southport to be a fast or a brilliant place. Its governors and its amusers are carefully seeing that these intentions are faithfully carried out. An attempt has been made by its governors to whitewash its character, and make it "respectable," according to their ideas, by forbidding the booths and amusements on the sands—a folly which has recoiled on their own heads by turning the cheap-trippers, whom they abhorred and wished to drive away, into the chief streets shop-gazing, or on to the promenade and pier. Thus, if this element was offensive before, it is doubly so now. Nobody was compelled to mix with it before; now it is unavoidable.

The Pier Company, on the other hand, find no attraction for people of superior taste. A long, ugly, monotonous bridge over a waste of sand is no delightful thing to contemplate. Even the temporary excitement of being stopped part way down, and made to pay again, fails on a few repetitions. And when you have succeeded at last in getting to the far end, you are immediately seized with a violent desire to go back again. The pier itself looks uglier than ever; the promenade is small, ill-shaped, and inconvenient, and for promenading purposes is absolutely unfit. There is no accommodation; seats are scarcely to be found; chairs are undiscoverable; refreshments can only be had by walking one-third of a mile back, and paying again at the turnstile. Then, to add to the visitors' misery, at certain times there is that dreadful band! That band which all Southport is telling us is so good; and such an improvement on the old band of overworked children prodigies, who used to make the pier a howling wilderness. If they mean that the performers are bigger and blow harder, well and good, but if they mean that the present band plays well, or is at all bearable by a musical ear, it is only a confirmation of the universal exhibition of bad taste by those in authority, whether Corporate or Limited. The chairman of the Pier Company, at the late meeting, told the world through the reporters that the band was a good one, and an attraction! The plain truth about this band is that it is abominable; nine-tenths of the music (?) it plays is trash, and not worthy of a juvenile German band, and such good music as they do attempt, from Handel or Haydn, they foully murder.

What should the Pier Company do to mend these matters? We suggest the following;—Abolish single admission tickets and the intermediate pay-gate. Establish instead day-tickets, at say threepence or fourpence each, giving admission any number of times in one day at any entrance to the pier. Provide additional seats and some chairs. Engage a really good band, and pay them well for the season, so that they need not beg. This would bring an increase of promenaders instead of driving many away, as by the present arrangements, which by the continual call for pence, the endless pocket-feeling one has to undergo, leaves on one's mind a deep impression of the beggarliness of the whole concern, and a conviction that the Southport Pier was built not to afford enjoyment to the visitors, but to make money out of them—that "divvy" is the only care of the Company Limited, and that for amusement or pleasure the visitors must help themselves, or trust to the fates—anything like a return for their money being out of the question. If fourpence a day will not pay, let the charge be sixpence, only let something be done for the money. The directors should remember that at Scarbro', for a sixpenny day-ticket, the visitor has acres of beautiful garden and shrubbery, and miles of shady walks, with innumerable seats, a promenade infinitely superior to the whole front of Southport, including the pier, and four hours' performance a day by a fine band, for which the Spa Company, we believe, pay £1,400 for four months' services. Of course Southport cannot be expected to do anything like this; the number and quality of its visitors would not pay for any approach to such provisions; but something far superior to what is might and ought to be done. Let the corporation re-establish the stalls and booths on the sands, and make a perfect fair of it. And, as such a fair would be an eyesore in front of the promenade, let them put it further east, past the Convalescent Home, and remove the rifle-butts still further away.

We should like to throw out another suggestion to whomsoever it may concern. Could not the large expanse of green sward, which is now growing on the sands left by the sea, at the western end of the promenade, be enclosed by a sea-wall, permanently reclaimed, planted with trees, shrubs, and flower-beds? What a beautiful spot could be made here by a judicious combination of enterprise and taste. We almost despair of living to see this done. Southport, we are afraid, will remain as it is, because it does not contain any elements capable of pushing it out of the humdrum, shabby-fine groove in which it has grown. It is merely (and this is giving it no small praise) a place for the sick, the old, the convalescent, or the delicate; it is a place which is warm in winter, dry under foot in wet weather, and mildly quiet at all times. Thus Southport is filled by retired tradesmen, who never turned their attention to matters of taste until, in their old age, they left their shops to retire into quietness on a modest competence here; or with well-educated people who have come to live here merely for health's sake, and have not strength or inclination to be active leaders in taste. It is of such that the Corporation and the Pier Company are formed. A generation or two will improve the quality of the resident population, and then they will awake to the fact that visitors to the town ought not really to be neglected and abused as they used to be, and that to use the visitors well, and amuse them intelligently, is, after all, the best for the town itself.

Of Southport hotels the less said the better; let us draw a veil over their bad drinks and bad habits. When we can be served with decent liquor, in appropriate vessels, in rooms fit to sit in, by intelligent waiters, we shall be glad to refer again to a subject which at present is only fraught with disagreeable recollections.

The shrimp season seems to be, "as before," a plentifully scarce one. The sixpenny "pots" sold in the streets are as numerous as ever, and still only hold one pennyworth of shrimps. The mackerel season is very bad, only one mackerel having been caught so far. The jelly-fish season is unusually good. These interesting pets may be seen floating in the river in myriads, of all sizes between a half-crown and a tea-tray, and in all stages of developement up to the longest, and bunchiest, and screwdest of tails.

KING, EMPEROR, OR PEOPLE?

WHILE the flames of hell are raging
Over fairest fields of France,
While the startled earth is trembling
'Neath the Teutons' grim advance;
While the reaper leaves his harvest,
Turning sickle into sword,
And instead of storing granary
Is in Death's dark granary stored;
While golden grain and purpling grape
In the crimson clay are crushed;
While women sit in agony,
And the strongest men stand hushed.
There are questions that are rising
To the lips of bond and free—
Standing awed before the slaugher—
Asking—How can these things be?

Shall the nation, all whose longings
Are for progress and for peace,
Leave its studies and its workshops
At one greedy man's caprice?
What is "king" but empty title,
What are thrones but seats of Sin,
If they spend a nation's life-blood
Only provinces to win?
Shall the people—once so warlike,
Now so young in peaceful life—
Have its new-born instinct stifled,
Its old fire of deadly strife
Fanned to fury by the upstart—
Self-styled Emperor—who in vain
Seeks to found a Race of Rulers,
And lost prestige to regain?

The old hatred of the races,
Which had slumbered, might have died,
Had not King grasped other kingdoms,
Emperor nursed not jealous pride.
These are fruits that cannot ripen,
Cannot grow, upon the tree
That for roots has peaceful peoples
Planted in a soil that's free.
Can these things go on for ever?
Can this yoke for ever lie
On the necks of toiling millions?
Shall a "House"—or Nations die?
These are questions that are rising—
That will battle-storms outlive—
And the Peoples are the askers—
Shall they not THE ANSWER give?

MANCHESTER v. BROUGHTON.

MANCHESTER.—Messrs. Ollivant, Hartley, E. B. Rowley, Garnett, S. Rowley, Schofield, Fairclough, Wolff, and Harrap; and Hill and Reynolds. First Innings 130.
BROUGHTON.—Messrs. Mallalieu, Whittington, Moorhouse, Dearden, Makinson, Sale, Sanderson, Wood, and Mellor; Hickton and Bowers. Firs Innings 84; Second Innings 185.

ANOTHER of the games between the Manchester and Broughton Cricket Clubs has to be added to the limbo of unfinished matches, that of last Friday and Saturday having ended in what is technically called a "draw." This is a termination which completely destroys all interest in the game. Cricket is so wonderfully uncertain that, however one-sided an unfinished game may at any moment appear, no wise critic would venture to assume victory or defeat as absolutely certain. Much less can prophecy be safely indulged in when the game is left evenly balanced, a fate which seems absolutely inseparable from these Broughton and Manchester matches. Every game of the last two seasons has been left unfinished and in such a position that it would be rash to assert that one was more likely than the other to win, the only satisfactory way of forming a conclusion being to trust to the promptings of one's sympathy and partiality. These matches ought to be the most interesting, locally, of the year. Apart from personal knowledge of the players, not a few of them possess a well-earned celebrity extending over wider spheres. It is indeed unfortunate that the games should with unpleasing regularity be spoiled.

As was suggested last week, the Broughton eleven was a weak one. The Rev. F. W. Wright, last year one of our most successful county players—a gentleman who combines all the requisite qualifications of a grand cricketer—a good bowler, a quick and certain fielder, and an excellent batter—was prevented from appearing on the battle-ground where he has often covered himself with glory. Mr. Payne's absence was also a severe loss to his club, and doubtless a sore disappointment to himself. The destructive effects of his slow twisters are proverbial, and have been duly acknowledged by the most distinguished batters of the country. The first innings of the Broughton opened and finished badly. No scores of any great importance were made, the largest being 30, made by Mr. Dearden, and 19 by Mr. Moorhouse. The latter gentleman is one of the most successful scorers of the club, a fact demonstrating that it is by no means necessary to possess a good style to become a useful player. His manner of batting is ugly and ungraceful in the extreme. Mr. J. Makinson, whose reputation has been more than local, and tales of whose doughty deeds in the past still fire the ambition of juvenile Broughtonians, made no sign. The total for the innings (84), was small enough to delight the most ardent Manchester sympathiser. Most of the wickets fell to the young Manchester professional, Allen Hill. His delivery is strong and powerful, the pitch fast, and generally straight. On other more important occasions than this he has given ample evidence of his capabilities. Though a native of Yorkshire—a county always overpoweringly strong in bowlers—the time cannot be far off when it will be possible to make him useful as a Lancashire bowler. The earlier part of the Manchester innings was promising. Mr. Ollivant, a Sale gentleman, a slashing hitter, and consequently a somewhat unsafe player in general, made 15; Mr. E. B. Rowley, called for brevity "E. B.," or more familiarly "Teddy," played admirably, and scored 42; and Mr. Garnett made 30, and was at the close of the day "not out." Thus, on Friday night, Manchester was leading, and had only lost three wickets—a state of things which seemed to promise a considerable lead at least on the first innings. But with Saturday a complete change in the aspect of affairs took place, affording an evidence, if any further demonstration were necessary, of the "glorious uncertainty of the turf." After barely an hour's play, the innings was over for a total of 130. Mr. S. Rowley, universally known as "Sep," one of the younger and less known of the family whose exploits strengthen the theory that cricket runs in families, made the only other double figure. The Broughton second innings was a much more successful essay. Mr. Mellor, who did not bat in the first innings, scored 43, in a manner which amply justified our criticism of his capabilities last week; and Hickton, the Broughton professional, who is played for his bowling principally, was not out 37. Besides these, Messrs. Sale, Makinson, and Moorhouse made respectable figures, and the total, assisted by a large number of extras, reached 185. Here the game ended, Manchester having to make 139 in the second innings, the match being left in a perfectly unsatisfactory state.

The cause of this regrettable state of affairs is obvious enough. Play is not commenced till an absurdly late hour. The object seems to be to delay active operations as long as possible—to make them begin as near dinner time as possible. The total number of runs scored was very moderate, giving an average of only two hundred a day, and there was nothing in the state of the weather to divide the responsibility of the unfinished game. Two days ought to afford ample time for the satisfactory conclusion of such a match, and the evidence of the last four matches has clearly demonstrated that a sufficient number of hours a day is not brought into active use. There must be, we are aware, considerable difficulty attending a game in which many of the players have business and other engagements to consult. But an effort should be made to overcome these difficulties. It is not to be expected, nor particularly to be desired, that the match should be made a three days' one, and the only other chance of really deciding the game is to begin play two hours earlier.

BUTCHERS AND POISONERS.

THE versatility of accomplishment demanded in our city magistrates is being constantly illustrated in the police reports of that Dragon of Wantley (to the doers of iniquity) the *Manchester City News*. One can understand its being within the resources of amateur jurisprudence to struggle laboriously, but still successfully, to the verdict of "Five bob, or a week." That is something, of course. But if the author of this concise expression of judicial opinion had to undergo a competitive examination in the veterinary art previous to becoming what is sometimes called by gentlemen at the ploughtail a cow-doctor, one is not sure that he would come off with blushing honours. Not that these honours are often of that bashful complexion—but that in passing. And yet it would seem that a smattering of cow-doctor acquirements is almost indispensable in a city magistrate. That functionary is expected to be a judge equally of sound lawyers and of sound oxen. This must be occasionally perplexing to the Murrays and Maclures of the bench; and we can imagine a very conscientious magistrate, whose knowledge of animal physiology is pretty much limited to the "cow with the crumpled horns" in the story-book, being as little anxious to adjudicate on the condition of a cow conspiring with its proprietor to get itself into the shambles under false pretences, as he would be to be shut up in company with the familiar bull in a china shop.

We infer, from a police report that appeared in a recent number of the Dragon of Wantley—we beg pardon, we mean the *City News*—that Mr. Page, the superintendent of markets for the Manchester Corporation, is the functionary who puzzles our city justices by now and then bringing a diseased cow into court, and asking them what sort of a beefsteak it would be likely to make if it were promoted to that condition of bovine beatitude. The latest malefactor collared by the philanthropic Page was one Whitehead, a butcher, from Rochdale Road. Whitehead was found to have on his premises a diseased cow, which, when slaughtered, was found to be completely rotten—the irresistible inference drawn from the circumstance of this salubrious quadruped being found on a butcher's premises being that the said butcher proposed

to sell it as wholesome nutriment to his uncritical and trusting fellow-creatures. The traffic in decomposing oxen being a profitable traffic, usually punishable by fine only, the witty Whitehead naturally endeavoured to save his own carcase and that of his cow's by the aid of counsel learned in the law. Mr. Cobbett's defence of Whitehead seemed principally to consist in saying that his client "was a cattle dealer as well as a butcher, and did not know when he bought the beast that there was anything amiss with it." Mr. Headlam replied, very naturally, that if Whitehead was in the habit of purchasing cattle, it was very unlikely that he could have been ignorant of the state that the beast was in when he bought it. The guileless cattle dealer from Rochdale Road was thereupon fined ten pounds and costs.

But if Mr. Cobbett failed to avert a fine from the ornament of the shambles whom he defended, that gentleman drew attention to a feature in this class of police cases which has always been more or less of an anxiety and mystery to many consumers of animal food. When we have read that diseased cattle, unfit for human food, have been seized by market inspectors, and impounded and condemned by the magistrates, we have often wondered vaguely what became of the carrion. It transpired during the trial of Whitehead that there is such a profession as that of horse-butcher. Inspector Atkinson (Mr. Page's deputy or assistant) stated that Whitehead's cow, after condemnation, was "sold to Mr. Venvill, horse-butcher, Scotland-bridge, by whom it was slaughtered and boiled down in his presence." It was also stated that *all* condemned beasts were sold to Venvill. Mr. Cobbett seemed to complain of Venvill's monopoly, on the ground of the danger of "corrupt dealing," and of its being "disposed of to one particular individual, who then disposed of it to somebody else at a profit." Now, unless the carcase condemned by the magistrates was *fit* for human food, Mr. Cobbett's objection was beside the question before the court. As to the stuff being sold at a profit, Mr. Cobbett scarcely supposes, we imagine, that a man will devote himself to the purchase of carrion, and to the business of boiling it down, merely as a matter of taste and out of a poetic enthusiasm for the job! What was much more to the purpose was Mr. Cobbett's remark that the buyer of these diseased beasts admitted, when he was in the witness-box the other day, "that he did not boil down *all* the meat he bought as diseased." This is perturbing. We have no reason in the world for supposing that such carcases as escape Mr. Venvill's witches' cauldron do not undergo some kindred or legitimate transformation, but the public have an excusable curiosity in these matters not entirely impersonal. Then, in the name of chemical wonder, what is the destination of these lean kine of Egypt after they have been scientifically boiled down? We observe that a late number of the *British Medical Journal* contained a very awkward paragraph on this subject, which the long absence of rain, the burnt-up condition of our cattle pastures, and the consequent "price of butter at Cork," renders of more than ordinary interest. The *Medical Journal* remarks that "it is stated that the meat which the London inspectors seize as unfit for food is paid for at the rate of a halfpenny per pound. It is not, unless the case is very bad indeed, absolutely destroyed, but melted into fat, and sold to whomsoever may choose to buy it. Plenty of people are very willing to acquire this treasure, for it is used in making butter." Let us say here frankly, and once for all, that we don't think, and certainly don't insinuate, that the rotten cows slaughtered and boiled down by the horse-butcher of Scotland-bridge have ever contributed one pennyweight to the stores of the butter maker; but an explicit statement or certificate from the market inspector as to the ascertained and verified destination of the cattle condemned by our city justices would be a source of comfort to those who like the genuine produce of buttercup and clover.

Now, if we know that the public can expect no mercy from the huckstering blood poisoners of Rochdale Road, and that the revolting garbage which brings them blood-money is merely an affair of taking the odds and of gambling in the Shambles, is it not time that our City Justices, or others in authority, did away with the option of a fine in these cases, and instead, send the scoundrels to learn what oakum is like, or invite them to a lease of hard-labour? Even as we write, the utter futility of a mere fine to deter these traffickers in the public health from prosecuting their nefarious trade is illustrated in a case that was submitted a day or two since to the Salford Police Court. It was a case of what is technically called "a screw pig," *i.e.*, a pig in a state of disease. The pig was partly putrid, and was found in the slaughter-house of a carcase butcher called Ralph Worthington, dressed and prepared for human food. Dr. Syson, the officer of health for Salford, said that the pig was "in the most abominable condition possible," and that the slaughter-house occupied by the prisoner "had given more trouble than any other in the place," and that an immense quantity of "slink" passed through it. Can anybody suppose that Ralph Worthington, who was stated to have already undergone three months' imprisonment for a similar crime, and who finds the trade so profitable that it pays him to be in chronic hot water with the police, is to be deterred from dealing in carrion by the fine of five pounds which was imposed by the Salford magistrates? What is a fine of five pounds to a fellow who may net fifty pounds profit a month from his disgusting fraud? Until more rigorous measures are adopted in the repression of Whiteheads and Worthingtons, the function of an Officer of health is a Mockery, and the brigands of the "carcase market" will continue to poison the public with comparative impunity. Another word. Is it not within the resources of "detective" or "superintending" science to catch the rural party who is the original vendor of a contraband carcase? Couldn't the virtuous farmer who negotiates with Mr. Page's clients, be sent to the treadwheel now and then as a conspirator? We really do wish that the justices who condemn these carcases would condemn a little more their amiable proprietors. May we commend this question once more to the congenial vigilance and public spirit of our contemporary, "the Dragon of Wantley."

BUSINESS APHORISMS.

BY OUR SEEDY APHORIST.

Never forget a friend when he is "hard-up:" never forgive him for looking so.

The despairing debtor cuts his own throat: the hopeful one leaves that sort of thing to his creditors.

Business is like diving—the deeper you plunge the more you are "blown."

In balancing their profits how few debit themselves with wear and tear of morals.

To lend a borrower more than he asks is true economy.

Mix business with sleep and sleep will mix with business.

'Tis a sharp cat that catches a mouse under each paw.

The thriftless man borrows five shillings to pay eighteenpence.

The getting of a life-time is the relinquishing of an hour.

A legacy, like a windfall, is often grub-eaten.

Great bargains are not great gains.

Who lives and gives, gives with a warm hand: dead hands give coldly.

You may hold a sovereign in your hand more easily than keep twenty shillings in your pocket.

Half an oath is better than no conscience.

A boast of solvency should be made on a tomb-stone, when Nature's debt is paid.

HOW TO MAKE COFFEE.

An ingenious individual believes he has discovered a capital recipe for making coffee. Go, he says, to the chief hotels, restaurants, and railway refreshment-rooms; find out how they make coffee; then make it as they don't.

YORK CATHEDRAL.—York Cathedral is the most wonderful work that ever came from the hands of man. Indeed, it seems like "a house not made with hands," but rather to have come down from above, bringing an awful majesty and sweetness with it; and it is so light and aspiring, with all its vast columns and pointed arches, that one would hardly wonder if it should ascend back to heaven again by its mere spirituality. Positively the pillars and arches of the choir are so very beautiful that they give the impression of being exquisitely polished, though such is not the fact; but their beauty throws a gleam around them. I thank God that I saw this cathedral again, and I thank Him that He inspired the builder to make it, and that mankind has so long enjoyed it, and will continue to enjoy it.—*Hawthorne's English Note-Books.*

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AT
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STATIONS.	FARES. 1st Class.	2nd Class
	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER	9 6	7 0
GUIDE BRIDGE	9 0	6 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale Station)	8 6	6 0

In Manchester, Tickets will be issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, May 21, 1870. General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY.
AT
BUXTON.

EVERY SATURDAY until OCTOBER 29th, 1870, RETURN TICKETS at the following low Fares will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for Return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER	6 0	4 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale)	5 0	3 6
STALYBRIDGE	5 0	3 6
GUIDE BRIDGE	5 0	3 6

In MANCHESTER, Tickets are issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly, and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, June, 1870. General Manager.

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MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.—SCARBRO' RACES.—On MONDAY, 29th AUGUST, A CHEAP FAST EXCURSION TO SCARBRO' (by the New Route) will run as under:—

STATIONS.	Time of Starting.	Fares to Scarbro' and back same day. 1st Class	Cov. Car
	a. m.		
Manchester (London-rd.) dep.	7 45		
Ardwick ..... ,,	7 48		
Guide Bridge ..... ,,	8 0		
Oldham (Clegg-street) .. ,,	7 35		
Stalybridge ..... ,,	7 15		
Ashton ..... ,,	7 19		
Dukinfield ..... ,,	7 22		
Stockport (Tiviot Dale) ,,	7 55	8s.	4s.
Woodley ..... ,,	8 4		
Newton ..... ,,	8 8		
Godley ..... ,,	8 13		
Mottram ..... ,,	8 18		
Dinting ..... ,,	8 26		
Glossop ..... ,,	8 15		
Hadfield ..... ,,	8 35		

Returning from SCARBRO' at 6-0 p.m. the same day only.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester, August, 1870.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.—CHEAP FAST EXCURSIONS TO SCARBOROUGH, WHITBY, FILEY, AND BRIDLINGTON, by the new and direct route *via* Barnsley, Every Saturday until Saturday 17th September inclusive, will run as under:—

STATIONS.	Time of Starting.	Fares to Scarboro', Whitby, Filey, or Bridlington & back, in Covered Carriages.
	p.m.	
Manchester (M. S. & L.) ..dep.	1 45	
Stalybridge	12 50	
Ashton (Park Parade)	12 54	
Oldham (Clegg Street)	1 23	
Guide Bridge	1 55	
Stockport (Tiviot Dale)	1 35	
Woodley	1 43	
	a.m.	
New Mills	11 44	8s.
Marple	11 27	
	p.m.	
Newton	2 8	
Godley	2 13	
Mottram	2 18	
Dinting	2 25	
Glossop	2 20	
Hadfield	2 30	

Returning on the 1st or 2nd Monday, or 1st Thursday from the date of Ticket, by Trains leaving BRIDLINGTON at 2.5 p.m., FILEY at 2 57 p.m., WHITBY at 1.0 p.m., and SCARBOROUGH at 3.30 pm.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.
London Road Station, Manchester, August, 1870.

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Proprietors: The Prince's Theatre Co. Limited.

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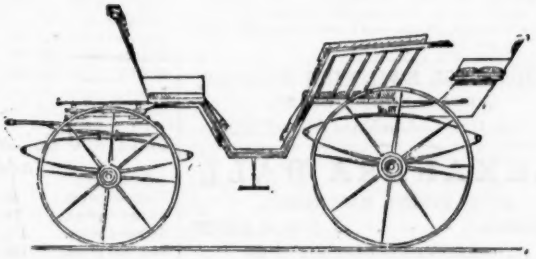

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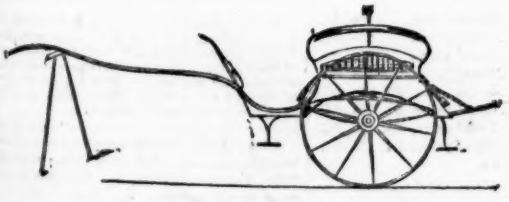

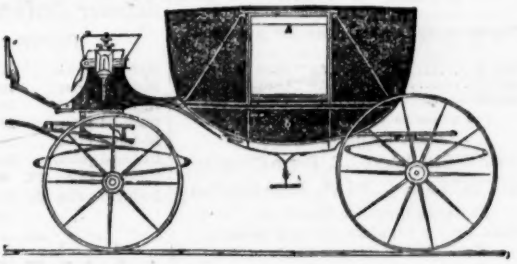

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